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THE
CHAUTAUQUAN

A WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

WHAT I SAW
IN BULGARIA
LAST SUMMER

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Official Publication of Chautauqua Institution, A System of Popular Education. Published Every Saturday.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 5c.

Foreign postage per year 65c; to Canada, 52c, free to Mexico, Cuba, American possessions and Shanghai, China.

Entered June 3, 1913, at the postoffice at Chautauqua, N. Y., as second class matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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CHAUTAUQUA PRESS

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION
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Chautauqua, N. Y.

N. Y. Office: 23 Union Sq. Chicago Office: 801 Fine Arts Bldg.

Editor's Desk

In this Fortieth Anniversary Year of Chautauqua Institution how many friends are willing to become active "Co-operating Subscribers" to The Chautauquan? One way to get onto the honor roll of co-operating subscribers is to secure a new subscriber this year. You may prefer to make a Christmas gift of The Chautauquan to somebody you know would appreciate its value, which is another way of becoming eligible to the honor roll.

* * *

During the past year the name "Chautauqua" has been bandied about the world as never before by yellow critics of Mr. Bryan, who neither understood nor took enough pains to find out what the real Chautauqua means in the educational life of the people.

This is the time for friends of Chautauqua to catch the attention of thousands whose curiosity has been aroused and bring them into touch

with its message and value for them. Expansion of The Chautauquan into an Illustrated Weekly Newsmagazine is the result of long and careful consideration of the present-day needs of the great body of readers who will be glad to learn from you about Chautauqua's trustworthy service.

* * *

You may have noticed how the expanded weekly Chautauquan survey of the modern world of thought and life includes among other things a perspective on books that are worth while. This service, called "Talk about Books," has been more than trebled by the weekly issues. Chautauqua people of recognized professional standing in their special subjects, not publishing house publicity men, render this important present day protective service.

* * *

At Chautauqua, New York, during the summer Assembly season, the change of the monthly Chautauquan to an Illustrated Weekly Newsmagazine, brought an increase of more than 46 per cent in C. L. S. C. enrollments.

* * *

Readers say:

"I am enjoying the Chautauqua Course very much indeed and find it such a great help in remembering what one reads. The Magazine is splendid."

"We have an interesting class of twelve ladies, and like the Weekly Chautauquan Magazine."

"Like the new form very much."

"I think of no improvement to be made in The Chautauquan except what has been done for the coming year. The monthly editions were unhandy to hold but the smaller weekly numbers are a great improvement."

* * *

Chautauqua Local News Edition

Some subscribers to the former Chautauquan Weekly who now receive the National Edition of The Chautauquan Weekly Newsmagazine, write that they miss Chautauqua village items and personals in the new publication. These appear only in the Chautauqua Local News Edition of the Magazine which is mailed to those who request this particular edition. Unless you inform the business office that you prefer the local news edition the national edition is mailed. The only difference between this local edition and the national edition is that several columns of Chautauqua local items take the place of Chautauqua advertising. If you want the local news edition please ask for it when you subscribe.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN A WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 72 No. 11

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1913

Price 5 cents

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS NEWS PERSPECTIVE

Civic Work and Play in Small Towns

The question of social work in small towns and villages has often been discussed in these columns. In the big cities we have settlements, small parks, neighborhood centers, school centers, etc.; the need for social work is keenly felt and nobly supplied by public-spirited men and women. In small towns too little is done for the poor, the immigrant, the adolescent child, the lonely toiler. Yet a great deal can be done if one or a few persons will but take the initiative intelligently. The need is just as great, relatively speaking, and what is lacking is constructive enterprise, leadership, co-operation.

Two examples that afford instruction and inspiration to inhabitants of small and humble towns or villages have recently been brought to public notice. Miss Zona Gale, the novelist and magazine writer, has told in a pamphlet entitled "Civic Improvement in the Little Towns" what a group of citizens accomplished for Portage, Wisconsin, a town of 6,000 inhabitants. Miss Gale states the "threefold" nature of the problem of the civic worker in a small town as follows: First, to get into touch with the fact that the conservation of physical and moral life is largely economic; second, to find practical ways of applying this understanding to the present and future of the town; and, third, to do all this with exceedingly little money.

The Woman's Club of Portage took the initiative and called a meeting at the city hall. Committees were appointed for different tasks or lines of activity—educational, sanitary, social, artistic, etc. The results obtained up to date are given as follows: The inauguration of a system of garbage disposal, the grading and planting of

a small park, the establishment of a rest room for farmers' wives from the surrounding country, the establishment of a charity co-operation committee, a town lecture course, public bath-houses, a sane Fourth of July, and medical and dental inspection of school children.

From Amenia, a little town in Dutchess County, New York, on the Connecticut border, there has come a most interesting story of the establishment of "co-operative play." One citizen broached the idea, and his neighbors saw its possibilities and went to work with him. An annual celebration is held for the people of the town and the farmers and others of the surrounding country. Nothing commercial is permitted; men and women, old and young, come together for healthy and clean entertainment. There is music, there are lectures, games, parades, a modest pageant; there is gay illumination, and there is dancing. Families and friends arrange picnics in the open; rich and poor sit on the grass, eat, chat and play.

The attendance the first year was over 3,000; this year it was over four times as large. The whole district enthusiastically participates in the celebration.

What has been done in two or a few places can be done in many. The small towns would not be so dull to the younger generation, and the farms would not lose so heavily to the cities, if more co-operative play were provided, if more were done for the social, æsthetic and intellectual life of the people. School centers, field houses, small parks, music bands, theatricals, reading clubs, games and sports, are not too costly or too ambitious for small towns. Anywhere a group of men and women may start a successful move-

ment for the enrichment and improvement of the life of the small town or the surrounding country. Advice may easily be secured from experienced workers, and subscriptions are generally liberal for such purposes.



The Foreign Policy of the United States

In two or three speeches delivered by the President in the South he took pains to emphasize and illustrate once more the principles that underlie his foreign policy. There is nothing obscure about them; those who profess to have difficulty in understanding or applying them merely choose to misunderstand. The President has one policy for Mexico, Central and South America, China, Japan and all foreign nations. It is summed up in a few words: Non-intervention, honesty, dignity, justice.

The United States, said Mr. Wilson, "will never again seek to obtain one additional foot of territory by conquest." And here is another striking paragraph, the reference being to South American republics: "We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interests, whether they square with our interests or not. It is a very perilous thing to determine a foreign policy in terms of material interest. It is, indeed, a degrading thing."

Dollar diplomacy, concession-hunting, exploitation, political pressure, all such things are repudiated. The President, without directly mentioning Mexico, also made it plain once more that governments resting on assassination, on lawlessness, on shocking selfishness and brutality, will not be recognized so long as there may remain a way of escaping recognition. Mr. Wilson believes that self-government, constitutional liberty and representative institutions are not impossible in Central and South America. If our standards are still too high for them, a gradual approach to our standards is certainly not too much to ask. Emancipation from foreign and domestic adventurers, from usurers and their tools, is the greatest need of our neighbors. To quote the President again:

"There is one peculiarity about the history of the Latin-American states, which I am sure they are keenly aware of. You hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in Latin America.

"You do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They are not granted concessions. They are invited to make

investments. The work is ours, though they are welcome to invest in it. We do not ask them to supply the capital and do the work. It is an invitation, not a privilege.

"States that are obliged because their territory does not lie within the main field of modern enterprise and action to grant concessions are in this condition, so that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs, a condition of affairs always dangerous and apt to become intolerable.

"I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be the first to take part in assisting in that emancipation."

Some European and even some American newspapers cynically say that all this is sentimental, Utopian, impracticable, and even dangerous. The alternative policy they favor is one that often leads to invasion, aggression and war, to grab and conquest, to appalling waste of life and treasure. Such a policy is supposed to be practical. Jingoism and militarism plume themselves on their hard sense and efficiency, and of moral influence they have no conception. But the Wilson administration is determined to try moral influence and that alone. It has refused to deal with Huerta, to acquiesce in his ruthless and barbarous methods. It has refused to put mining interests above principles. It has served notice that it will not collect usurious debts or rush into war to please schemers and yellow editors. It is not arbitrary or arrogant in its foreign policy; it simply wants to encourage decency and good government to the extent of its ability. It appeals to the public opinion and the better nature of this and other countries. It hopes to demonstrate that its methods, passive as they are, are more effective than threats and bluster, than vague rumors of invasion and annexation. It stands for peace and for honor in foreign affairs, the peace and honor of a nation that seeks nothing for itself and has no enemies except among the corrupt cliques that need malevolent despots at the helm.

Those who predict failure for the Wilson policy in Mexico or elsewhere are likely to prove false prophets. At any rate, they do not know, and their wishes are fathers to their thoughts. Are the American people prepared to support the Wilson policy and silence the partisan and the unscrupulous critics of it by contempt and indifference? If so, the policy cannot fail.

Sense and Decency in Prisons

We have discussed and illustrated more than once the new spirit that marks the conduct of prisons and the treatment of convicts. But the establishment of farms, camps, and outdoor employment for convicts will not adequately meet the needs of the situation. Too much barbarism survives in our notions of prison discipline and convict life. Most of the rules followed in penitentiaries and reformatories are antiquated, irrational and mischievous. They will stand a good deal of revision. There is nothing sentimental or weak in demanding very different treatment for convicts; on the contrary, healthy common sense dictates such demands. More liberal rules would not destroy the necessary discipline of prison life; punishment would still be deterrent; reclamation and repentance would still be the only way to freedom and restored citizenship. Better and more humane rules would simply do away with brutality and suffering that breed bitterness and hatred of society and its official representatives.

New York appointed a commission to study prison life and recommend improvements. Its president, Thomas M. Osborne, a progressive and intelligent citizen, decided to learn something of prison discipline and prison routine by entering Auburn as a "voluntary convict" and subjecting himself absolutely to the rules and regulations enforced in that penitentiary. Some railed at his experience; some saw in it a mere whim of a rich and comfortable man; some were sure he would learn nothing of value. But to sober-minded persons it was clear that a week in prison, a week of contact with convicts at work, at play, at meals, and so on, could not fail to prove highly illuminating to a level-headed and observant man. In truth, Mr. Osborne learned a good deal and his week in prison promises to result in many admirable reforms.

The commission of which he is chairman has made a report in which no fewer than 17 changes are recommended. None is rash or unsafe; none is dubious or "radical;" all reflect simple humanity and simple common sense. We give here only the more important and striking of the changes proposed; even to glance at them is to realize how absurd and cruel some of our prison regulations are:

It suggests that prisoners be allowed to read newspapers and magazines. They now do

so surreptitiously, the report says, and it urges that no good is to be gained by denying prisoners newspapers and magazines sent in by publishers and from sources that are reliable.

The rules for writing and receiving letters needs drastic revision. "Take away a man's benefits, if necessary to punish him, but do not deprive him of his friends and family."

While the food is good, "the coffee and tea are execrable," and the report recommends the abolition of the use of tea and improvement in the coffee.

The system which sends men to punishment cells on very limited portions of bread and water seems both brutal and unnecessary, the report says, and should be modified.

That a graded system of punishment should be adopted for offences is another recommendation. There is no sense of proportion or fairness in the meting out of punishment. The punishment for whispering is the same as for assault, except as to duration.

There seems to be no good reason for enforcing a policy of silence. Men are made to talk, and you cannot fly in the face of nature. Universal conversation is not urged, the report continues, but a simple rule permitting ordinary conversation, when it does not interfere with the work or cause disorder, should be adopted.

In case of severe punishment meted to a prisoner involving the extreme penalty of the punishment cells, there should be direct action by the warden and punishment only after a hearing by him.

Provision should be made for rainy days. Convicts are now forced to march through the long yard and often become drenched, and on return to their cells they have no alternative but to go to bed or sit up in wet clothes, there being no change of clothing in the cells. A waterproof cape for use in marching outdoors in inclement weather is suggested.

Extension of the "play hour," now from 6:40 to 7 p. m., is urged, and the whole hour from 6:30 until 7:30 is recommended for playing instruments.

The average person knows little about prison life, and the boards or commissions that are appointed to report and suggest reform manage to make the subject dry and dull. A little human interest, a touch of nature, would vitalize it. Citizens should occasionally visit their prisons, jails and reformatories, should see the convicts at work or in their cells at enforced idleness, should watch the rules "in action" and should satisfy themselves that the delinquent is treated as a human being instead of as a dangerous animal.

Off-Year Elections—Their National Significance

State, municipal and other elections were held on November 4, and while this is an off-year, nationally speaking, some of the contests had a certain amount of national significance. This was particularly true of the New Jersey and Massachusetts gubernatorial elections. If the Democrats had lost in these states, the opposition would have proclaimed the result to amount to a rebuke to the Wilson administration, and that might have affected the President's influence in Congress and encouraged obstruction and cheap politics where co-operation and independent service are required.

From a strictly impartial point of view, then, it is a good thing for the country and for national progress that the elections did not weaken the national administration. The currency, Mexico, trust regulation, conservation, rural credit, Alaska, etc., are not partisan questions, and the administration has the right to expect its proposals to be treated fairly, on their merits. The elections and their results cannot fail to make for efficiency and reasonable independence in the treatment of legislation during the coming regular session. In the Senate the administration has been strengthened by the election of Mr. Blair Lee to that body by a direct vote of the people of Maryland. The progressive and statesmanlike element is none too strong in the Senate, and "direct election" is doing good slowly in peopleizing it.

Turning to the states, the respective situations may be briefly sketched:

In New Jersey the Democrats won in a three-cornered contest. The Progressive party had a strong candidate for Governor in Mr. Colby, a true progressive, but he polled a small vote, chiefly because the Republicans had nominated a strong man, ex-Governor Stokes, for whom men like Senators Borah and Cummins stumped with considerable effect. The victory of the Democrats is largely attributable to the prestige of the President and the desire to hold up his hands.

In Massachusetts the Democrats won in a four-cornered contest, and the Progressive candidate polled a larger vote than the Republican. The former's showing has caused much rejoicing in Progressive circles, although the talk of

a reunion or fusion of the two wings of the split Republican party has been stimulated by the returns in other states.

In Maryland, as already noted, the Democrats won largely on the record of the national administration.

Of the municipal fights the most drastic and spectacular was the New York elections. The defeat of Tammany by the fusion ticket was also a defeat for Mr. Hearst and his style of politics and journalism. He had bolted the fusion ticket with the exception of the nominee for mayor, Mr. John P. Mitchel. The victory of the fusion ticket is a victory for clean and efficient administration, although in ex-Judge McCall Tammany had a superior candidate. The impeached and convicted Sulzer contributed to the result by his denunciations of Tammany and by his own candidacy in an assembly district. The voters who sent Mr. Sulzer back to Albany as an assemblyman cannot have intended to approve of his immoral and discreditable methods, his false swearing, his hypocrisy, his general unfitness. But they knew that while he was convicted for his offences, he had been impeached by Tammany for his occasional independence and his efforts to pass legislation demanded by the people. If he had been subservient and obedient to the boss, nothing would have been said or done about his dishonesty and turpitude.

The decisive defeat of Tammany is cause for national rejoicing. Unfortunately, in Philadelphia and Cincinnati good government and independence suffered reverses. In the former city the old machine won against a fusion ticket of intrinsic worth, while in the latter Mayor Hunt, a vigorous, capable and honest man, was defeated by a combination of various interests he had offended.

On the whole, the elections are satisfactory to friends of progress and good government, but there are weak spots and blots in the record. Flawless victories are seldom won in practical politics.

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Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, has a parent-teachers' association, where one-half the members are men. To control cigarette smoking and to censor moving-picture shows are the two objects of a co-operative plan formed by the Parent-Teacher Circle and the Civic Club in Lock Haven, Pa.

WHAT I SAW IN BULGARIA LAST SUMMER

Corrinne Stephenson Tsanoff*

YOU remember the heroic war of the Balkan States against Turkey last year: the whirlwind Bulgarian campaign in Thrace, which almost pushed the Turk back into Asia; the agonizing siege and the terrible storming of Adrianople; the long peace negotiations when the Bulgar army died of cold and cholera before Tchatalja; and the Treaty of London. Last May the world expected peace; one of the greatest centers of discord on earth seemed about to enjoy liberty and justice. Apparently the age-long story of Turkish oppression in Europe had reached a happy finish. But vague rumors reached America of new contentions, new tidings of war. At last, in June, the smouldering fire of jealousy burst into flame, and the Balkan allies pillaged and massacred the Macedonia they had liberated, while the world looked on aghast at the armies it had so recently admired.

Bulgaria had crushed the Turk almost single-handed. Her strength had roused the apprehension and envy of her allies, and thinking her exhausted in the gigantic struggle, they conspired to impose terms which would leave her relatively weaker than she was before the war. The plan was to keep Bulgaria out of the rich Macedonian regions in the west, which are inhabited by Bulgars, and for the liberation of which Bulgaria had fought the Turk. It was just a few days before Serbia and Greece declared war that we tried to enter Bulgaria.

"You may succeed in getting through Serbia by rail and you may not," we were told at the Bulgarian legation in

Vienna. "Better go by a Danube boat."

And down the Danube we went, bound for Somovit, a small river station connected by rail with Sofia, in a mingled company of Serbs, Roumanians, Turks, and Austrians. The next morning we found ourselves sailing past the Bulgar frontier and the third class filled



Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria

with Bulgarian soldiers. Some made up for past nights of sleeplessness, lulled by the bits of melancholy folksongs their comrades sang, and others squatted here and there on the deck mending their rough brown uniforms with heavy twine-like yarn. While we stood watching them, one soldier near by remarked in very good English, "They find you as

interesting as you find them." He had spent two years in Birmingham, Alabama.

A long, slow, military train—all trains were military trains in Bulgaria—crowded to its last inch with soldiers and travelers who found traveling a necessity, dragged us down to Sofia. All day we jogged through the rich fields of the Danube plain, yellow with wheat and cared for only by women and old men and children. Here and there a few Turkish prisoners assisted, preferring a three franc working day to one franc and idleness. All night we traveled, with hour-long stops at the stations where the soldiers swarmed from the tops and insides of the cars to buy whatever they could find to eat or drink. I noticed that the drink they called for oftenest was *studena voda*, cold water. All through the tedious night hours of that journey to the capital, two red-cheeked peasant girls nodded drowsily across the aisle in our car, surrounded on all sides by soldiers, yet we heard not one ribald jest nor any of the loud talking and laughter one would naturally have associated with such a scene in more sophisticated countries. Long after midnight, as the train was slowly turning around a curve in the very heart of the magnificent Balkan defile, and most of us looked out of the windows at the towering spires of granite on both sides of the road, my ear caught the strains of Walther's *Preislied* from the *Meistersinger*, floating back from the top of a freight-car. Many a university man was in that train, as I learned before we reached Sofia,—dressed in the same uniform as the peasant, as shorn of hair as he, as unshaven and brown. In Bulgaria war is a domestic institution, and the doctor of laws or philosophy needed no larger a bullet than the mountain lad who could just sign his name.

We spent most of our summer in Philippopolis, quiet enough when we arrived, for most of the men were at the front. The quiet, indeed, seemed ominous, almost sinister at times. No music or loud singing was allowed, and the people,—old men, women, and children,—strolled through the main street and up and down the paths of the city gar-

*When Mrs. Tsanoff's husband, a member of the faculty of a New England university, went to Bulgaria last summer to help the cause of his countrymen, she accompanied him to make the acquaintance of her "in-laws." After an exciting summer, whose experiences this article tells, Mr. Tsanoff was sent to London with other members of a commission whose purpose was to make the western European world understand, by way of English publicity, the truth of the Bulgarian cause as the Bulgarians see it.

"My husband had been in London for a month before I was able to leave the country," Mrs. Tsanoff wrote to a friend, "and then his youngest brother and I ran the gauntlet through Serbia in the heat of their demobilization. The train trip that usually requires twelve hours, consumed two days and nights and was under the worst possible conditions—heat, dirt, every seat taken and the corridors packed. No sleep, no food but bread and cheese, cholera infected water, and no sanitary arrangements at all. It was a trip not soon forgotten and by the time I reached London, R. had difficulty in recognizing me."

Americans have heard more from almost all the other combatants in the Balkan struggle than from Bulgaria. This strongly pro-Bulgarian article, has, therefore, an especial interest aside from its vivid presentation.



Men of Philippopolis Reading War Bulletins

By permission of Underwood and Underwood

den with subdued, anxious faces. Now and then a woman passed, draped in heavy crêpe, and we wondered whose turn would come next—over whose gate-post the heavy, black flag would be drooping. Greeks with their push-carts peddled their wares among the crowd, just as they do in New England; Turkish prisoners clinked glasses in the half-deserted cafés, unmolested, the gayest among the quiet throng. But the Bulgars passed on,—up and down,—hoping the Sofia train would arrive before nine, waiting for the daily papers it would bring.

A rattle of carriage wheels returning from the station, the breathless cries of newsboys, racing to be the first to reach the crowd, and sure of getting rid of their load before they even reached the public square! With our papers in our hands, we melted away like specters, stopping occasionally under the lamp-posts to catch a glimpse of the headlines before we rushed home to read the news. By ten o'clock, when

the great iron gates of the garden were closed and the last Turkish officer had vanished into his hotel for the night, the streets were empty. Only the occasional step of a straggler was heard, and the regular tramp of the last and youngest recruits, who were doing police duty in the city.

Behind our bolted gates and locked doors, excitement ran high enough. The Bulgarian main army was centered against the Servians at Kotchana, we read; another division was advancing into Servia itself, and would cut off the main Servian army from its capital. Then we read of General Ivanoff's masterly retreat before the Greeks, when with a force of twenty-five thousand men he met the entire Greek army of one hundred twenty thousand men at Kukush and retreated, a few miles a day, decimating the Greek army as he went. The Bulgarian forces in Macedonia, spread over a frontier of hundreds of miles, could only be on the defensive; but, though Servia threw her

massed troops against the Bulgar lines again and again, trying desperately to pierce through and strike for the road to Sofia, the Serb gained not one inch of advantage. And the Bulgarian advance into Old Servia continued in spite of its opposition. That the Greeks were advancing right along troubled Bulgaria little. One hard battle, after the Serb had been defeated, and the Greeks would never stop running.

I remember one morning as we hurried down to the public square for the morning papers, and turned from the newstand, drums beat, and soldiers came tramping up the main street. We joined the crowd along the pavement. Prisoners were being marched through. First came the Servians, shamefaced, their heads down, their eyes shifting furtively. Months earlier, before Servia broke her treaty with Bulgaria and sought to deprive her of Bulgarian Macedonia, these same men had fought shoulder to shoulder with the Bulgar soldiers. At the end of the procession

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were the Greeks, smaller in stature than the Slavs, dark and slimy of countenance, dogged and sullen in their marching; but between Greeks and Servians tramped a small group of rugged Montenegrins. Warriors from their cradles, fighting was their life business,—they walked proudly by, now and then laughing among themselves and exchanging jokes with the Bulgarian guards who marched alongside. And not a cheer was heard from the spectators, not one cutting remark nor taunt. I, an American, could hardly restrain my exultation, but the Bulgars of Philippopolis watched their enemies pass toward the barracks with impassive faces, and whatever their hearts felt, their lips did not express. When the prisoners had passed, the citizens went about their business without further comment.

Overnight the whole situation changed and the despairing days that were to blacken Bulgaria before the world set in. Roumania threw off her semblance of neutrality and rushed her army across the utterly unprotected northern frontier of Bulgaria. At first we could not believe it, for Russia had given positive assurance that Roumania should not cross the boundary; now Russia threw up her hands. The Roumanians had entered and were sweeping over the entire northern portion, cutting off the wheat supply from the richest region of the kingdom. There was no one to oppose them. As they entered the towns, women came into the streets and held up their little children in their arms.

"Whom have ye come to fight?" they cried. "These are all that are left."

Roumania sent no provisions with her army; her soldiers lived on the country that had already kept its entire male population on the field of battle for eight months.

At the same time even more terrifying rumors reached us from the south. The Turks had crossed the line drawn by the Treaty of London and were advancing to the north, massacring every one in their way. Bands of irregulars, the Turkish Grand Vizier called them, but when trainload after trainload of refugees poured in upon us, the truth could not be kept down. The main Turkish army, rested, redrilled, re clothed, were on their way to the

southern Bulgarian boundary, determined to retake Adrianople and to recover Thrace for the Sultan. The concert of European Powers called "Stop," but the Concert of Europe had lost its voice in the Balkans. Neither justice nor vengeance was to be feared from them. The Turks knew what they wanted, the European Powers could not make up their minds among themselves, and so Turkey advanced. All communications with the outside world ceased. Bulgaria was completely surrounded, and unless she came to immediate terms, Roumania would enter Sofia. Then other refugees began arriving from the west, driven like sheep before the Greek advance, and the tales from Macedonia vied in horror with the stories from Thrace.

All the Bulgarian schoolhouses that were not already in use as hospitals for the soldiers, were thrown open to the refugees, and those who could find no other shelter, camped along the streets. Every day the city issued bread freely—one loaf to each adult, one-half loaf to every child—Greeks from Thrace, Rou-

manians from Macedonia, Armenians, all shared alike with the Bulgar refugees. I saw them along the whole borderland from Philippopolis to Sofia, and all that time you here were reading Greek and Servian stories of terrible massacres perpetrated by the Bulgarian army against these people. And while you were credulously believing it, all the refugees from these same massacres, from Kukush, Doiran, Strumnitza, Serres, Drama, Razlog, and from all over Thrace were finding shelter and protection in Bulgaria itself.

Bulgaria had lost ninety-three thousand men killed and wounded in the first war; she could still have conquered Greece and Servia, but she could not fight all her neighbors at once. Roumania demanded a treaty signed at Bucharest and Bulgaria perforce agreed. So did Servia. But Greece mistook occupation of territory for conquest, and her lordly reply was that she would sign peace only in the Bulgarian capital. Premier Venizelos, we heard, started for Bucharest in a leisurely manner, intending to pass around by Belgrade and pay



Bulgarian Soldiers in a Frontier Village at Belogradchik
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The Chautauquan

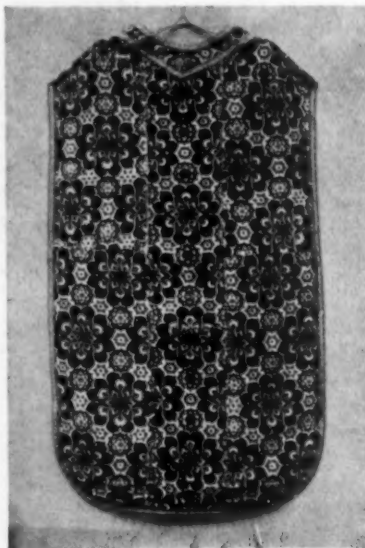
a congratulatory call on King Peter. We learned one afternoon that floods in Servia had made him change his plans and go by express to Bucharest. We went into the city to gather more definite information.

The streets were electrified. People rushed here and there gasping out news, crowds gathered at the corners to be dispersed by the soldiers and gather again at the next corner. Newsboys yelled themselves hoarse. "Greek division in full flight in the Struma and Mesta valleys; entire main division surrounded in the Kresna defile, facing surrender, starvation, or extinction. King Constantine has telegraphed for Venizelos to sign an armistice inside of twenty-four hours." One groan went up from the people, "If we could only have another week, we would be once more in Salonica." But Roumania was still only two stations to the north. So Bulgaria had to sign the Treaty of Bucharest and demobilize.

Was she beaten? If you could have stood with us on the streets of Philippopolis and watched those brave Bulgarian men march home, your question would have been answered. Diplomatically, Bulgaria was checkmated, but on the field of battle she was the victor. And her soldiers knew it. Their steps were firm and proud, their faces shone with the joy of home-return. They wore the garlands of flowers that were showered upon them joyously. Yet underneath it all, there was a solemn, grim sorrow: Greece and Servia still held the Bulgarian land of Macedonia, Turkey was again in Thrace, Roumania had stolen the most fertile farming lands in all Bulgaria. "Let us rest a few years," a young soldier told me. He was on his way to Berlin to continue his studies. "We are tired out now, but we'll pay them, and with interest."

Bulgaria is curbed, but she is not broken. Her people possess what all other Balkan people lack—moral as well as physical vitality. They are steady and determined even to stubbornness. Patient to a fault they are—the only tolerant race in the Balkans—and slow to be aroused, but once they have set themselves to a task, they never stop short of its completion. What the future will bring forth is for prophets alone to say, for the Near Eastern question was never farther from solution than now. But as Bulgaria in the

thirty-five years of her liberty, rose from utter privation to the level of a modernized, educated country, we can expect no less rapid an advance in the years to come. In spite of her diplomatic reverses, she has never been stronger than she is today.



Velvet Damask Chasuble. Floral pattern of Persian type and Medici crest, Italian XV century. Property of the Antiquarian Society of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Efficiencygrams

November 15

Face the disagreeable, the harsh, and look on them with pure and honest gaze. The quality of the gaze transforms them.

November 16

You are worth a place in the world or you would not be here. Don't disparage yourself.

November 17

We are given the glorious right of choice. We must apply it with all wisdom.

November 18

Find good in the downs as well as the ups.

November 19

A stone tossed into the water starts into motion ripples ever-widening. A kind act does the same thing.

November 20

You like a square deal yourself; give it to others.

November 21

When we realize how far the most careless word may reach it gives us pause before we speak.

The World Within

"The Kingdom of God is within you."

O wondrous world within a world
How beautiful thou art!
What high desire, what holy fire
Lie glowing at thy heart!
What beauty, like the silent stars,
Hangs ever o'er thy brow;
What youth, as old as Paradise,
Springs deathless in thee now!

Where did we learn to love thy face—
The music of thy name?
A leafy door beside the shore
Was opened—and we came.
Our lost ideals, grown more fair,
Thronged back through all thy ways;
Another life—a real life—
Filled our empty days.

The world smiled, saying, "These are they
Who live among the trees;
Whose thoughts rise higher than the stars
And soar beyond the seas.
They do not weigh their wealth with gold
Or measure it with fame;
They speak a language all their own.
They bear a hidden name."

So weighs the world its own true life,
Nor knows it as its own.
While, Life of Life, above all strife
God waits upon his throne;
He waits until the World of Things
And the World of Thoughts shall be
Blent in that perfect thing we call
The New Humanity.

What joy is thine, O World Within,
To bear thy banners out,
And there to claim in God's dear Name
The last and least redoubt.
The earth is his,—the heavens are his,
He stooped to make them one
When that great mystery was wrought
That gave us God the Son.

The world without is blind to thee,
Thou world of the within.
Yet through the years thy saints and seers
Its oracles have been.
Still trust them with thy prophecies;
Still through them breathe thy breath;
Till Honor blossom from the dust
And Life spring out of death.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

CHAUTAUQUA ABROAD

For Lovers of
Art and the Classics

DR. POWERS and
MR. HOWARD

June 16 Boston
June 25 Liverpool
June 26 Chester
June 27 FurnessAb'y
June 28 Grasmere
June 29 Melrose
June 30 Edinburgh
July 1 Edinburgh
July 2 Trossachs
July 3 Durham
July 4 York
July 5 Lincoln
July 6 Ely
July 7 Warwick
July 7 Kenilworth
July 8 Stratford
July 8 Oxford
July 9 London
July 10 London
July 11 London
July 12 London
July 13 London
July 14 Paris
July 15 Paris
July 16 Paris
July 17 Paris
July 18 Paris
July 19 Paris
July 20 Paris
July 21 Brussels
July 22 Antwerp
July 23 The Hague
July 24 Amsterdam
July 25 Cologne
July 25 The Rhine
July 26 Heidelberg
July 27 Interlaken
July 28 Bernese
Oberland
July 29 Lucerne
July 30 Milan
July 31 Venice
Aug. 1 Venice
Aug. 2 Venice
Aug. 3 Florence
Aug. 4 Florence
Aug. 5 Florence
Aug. 6 Florence
Aug. 7 Florence
Aug. 8 Florence
Aug. 9 Florence
Aug. 10 Rome
Aug. 11 Rome
Aug. 12 Rome
Aug. 13 Rome
Aug. 14 Rome
Aug. 15 Rome
Aug. 16 Rome
Aug. 17 Rome
Aug. 18 Naples
Aug. 19 Pompeii
Aug. 20 Capri
Aug. 21 Amalfi
Aug. 22 Brindisi
Aug. 23 Corfu
Aug. 24 Patras
Aug. 25 Athens
Aug. 26 Athens
Aug. 27 Athens
Aug. 28 Athens
Aug. 29 Athens
Aug. 30 Delphi
Aug. 31 Delphi
Sept. 1 Olympia
Sept. 2 Olympia
Sept. 3 Patras
Sept. 4 Palermo
Sept. 5 Naxos
Sept. 7 Algiers
Sept. 16 Due New York



THE CATHEDRAL AND SQUARE OF SAINT MARK

The Cathedral of Saint Mark stands at the head of Saint Mark's Square. On either side stretch the long lines of the former government offices, now occupied by cafés and shops. On the left rises slightly above the line of the adjoining buildings the great square Clock Tower whose bronze knights above beat out the hours upon the great bell between them. To the right the lesser Square of Saint Mark, flanked on one side by the Doge's Palace, opens out to the broad Lagoon, while somewhat awkwardly located at the junction of the two stands the huge Campanile or bell tower recently erected after the collapse of 1907.

THE SHRINE OF ST. MARK

It was in the Ninth Century that Venetian enterprise achieved its first great triumph by bringing to Venice the bones of Saint Mark. It was the function of the precious relic to protect the Venetians and their ever increasing wealth. Whatever the sincerity of the Venetian leaders, their sagacity is scarce open to question. When men believe in the power of relics, then relics have their power.

Not for naught did the saint vouchsafe protection to the city of his adoption. Above his tomb rose one of the most wonderful shrines in Europe. Alone among European cathedrals it is built in Byzantine style instead of following the tradition of the western builders. The great interior is modelled upon the Greek cross, that is, essentially five squares put together, one in the center and one on each side. Above these five squares rise five domes, the distinctive characteristic of the Byzantine style.

A blaze of splendid mosaics covers the whole vast interior, the vestibules and the façade without. The great church glows with color and light, rich gold and pale blues and pinks without. Columns and capitals

from a score of palaces and churches despoiled for the purpose group themselves for the support of walls and vaults or sometimes simply stand unused. Praying figures in Oriental fashion and stone lattices of Byzantine palace windows are fitted, not all ways plausibly, into the costly whole. The great church is a museum of Eastern art which the over devastated East can no longer duplicate.

Some buildings are beautiful by reason of a splendid past. Others are beautiful as wholes, such as the Library of Boston, Notre Dame in Paris and the Parthenon. Saint Mark's belongs to neither class. It belongs to a third and rarer class, whose excellence is rather that of parts of a larger whole. The great Square is here the unit, its simple bounding lines forming the chaste and perfect setting for this jewel where they join. Seen from the opposite end, all oddities of piecemeal construction vanish, and suffused with soft tints of blue and pink and gold, it glows like an opal set in a lady's ring. Imperfect in its parts, the great square is perfect as a whole, the opal ring of the Queen of the Adriatic.

CHAUTAUQUA ABROAD

For Lovers of
Music and Art

MR. HOWARD and
DR. POWERS

June 16 Boston
June 25 Liverpool
June 26 Chester
June 27 FurnessAb'y
June 28 Grasmere
June 29 Melrose
June 30 Edinburgh
July 1 Edinburgh
July 2 Trossachs
July 3 Durham
July 4 York
July 5 Lincoln
July 6 Ely
July 7 Warwick
July 7 Kenilworth
July 8 Stratford
July 8 Oxford
July 9 London
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July 22 Antwerp
July 23 The Hague
July 24 Amsterdam
July 25 Cologne
July 25 The Rhine
July 26 Heidelberg
July 27 Interlaken
July 28 Bernese
Oberland
July 29 Lucerne
July 30 Milan
July 31 Venice
Aug. 1 Venice
Aug. 2 Venice
Aug. 3 Belluno
Aug. 4 Pieve di Cadore
Aug. 5 Cortina
Aug. 6 Cortina
Aug. 7 Toblach
Aug. 8 Innsbruck
Aug. 9 Munich
Aug. 10 Munich
Aug. 11 Nuremberg
Aug. 12 Bayreuth
Aug. 13 Bayreuth
Aug. 14 Bayreuth
Aug. 15 Dresden
Aug. 16 Dresden
Aug. 17 Dresden
Aug. 18 Berlin
Aug. 19 Berlin
Aug. 20 Berlin
Aug. 21 Berlin
Aug. 22 Hamburg, sail
Sept. 1 Due in New York
Other sailings from Boston:
June 30 To connect with party at Edinburgh
June 27 To connect with party at Stratford

Dr. Powers takes personal charge of the Chautauqua European Tour in 1914

C. L. S. C. ROUND TABLE

In the Home Reading of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle (C. L. S. C.) Classical, English, American, and Continental European subjects are covered in a four years' course of which each year is complete in itself. The Round Table Department contains study helps and other items of interest.

The required reading in this magazine is on pages 211-214.



Lakewood High School

Lakewood, New York, has a high school, and the high school has a library of about 1,300 volumes. Through the influence of the Lakewood C. L. S. C. the school library has been opened as a public library. The school board has given permission for the library room to be used as a reading room. It will be kept open three evenings a week and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons and various members of the Chautauqua Circle will act in turn as Librarian. A number of magazines have been contributed to the reading room table.

The Fall River, Massachusetts, Circle has begun the new year with increased membership. Two of the new members are wives of high school teachers.

The meetings are to be held in the afternoon except when some bit of study can be illuminated to advantage by the use of the Radiopticon—the little picture projecting machine which this circle used with excellent profit last year.

The Chautauqua Circle of Belvidere, New Jersey, is adopting the new plan of taking the Reading Course in part. By this arrangement it takes more than four years to earn the Chautauqua diploma. On the other hand the arrange-

ment gives opportunity for a musical community, as is that at Belvidere, to emphasize its musical interests.

A number of teachers in the public schools of Altoona, Pennsylvania, have formed a circle which gathers in the high school library.

The Robert Browning Chautauqua Circle of Warren, Ohio, held its annual picnic at Packard Park in September. Supper was served in the Shelter House. This occasion is an annual event at which Chautauquans renew their fellowship after the summer vacation. This year the Society of the Hall in the Grove united with the active circle so that about 75 people sat down to the picnic supper, after which four 1913 Chautauqua graduates were invited into the "Society of the Hall in the Grove." The first regular weekly meeting was held October 6th in Library Hall. The circle has a reading membership of 16. A recent visit from Mrs. Ida B. Cole, C. L. S. C. Field Secretary, gave the members much pleasure.

At the first of the season's meetings of the Brockton (Massachusetts) Progressives the hostess showed some ancient maps of the region "Round About Constantinople" and also some maps of the present century. At

the next meeting the members of the circle drew maps of the region which is to be studied during the next few lessons, the rivers, cities and mountain ranges, and included outlines of the countries and Palestine. The present day history of this part of the world was discussed.

The whole Circle was entertained for the week end at the summer cottage of one of the members, the regular weekly meeting being held during this time of festivity.

The first prize awarded for attendance at the meetings of last season was a subscription to The Chautauquan Newsmagazine for the coming year. Its recipient missed only one meeting. The second prize was a bonbon dish.

The annual trip to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts was made by the circle on Tuesday, October 14, and was an all-day event, with luncheon at the museum café. Each member was privileged to invite one guest.

Instead of electing a circle critic, the members have voted this year to rotate in that office, having a new critic at each meeting.

The New York City Branch of the Chautauqua Round Table met October 28 in Christ Church, corner 71st Street and Broadway, for an opening rally meeting for the new year. The members of the Round Table are largely individual readers who come from quite a wide area and they range from the '82 Class to 1917.

The chief address of the evening was a bright talk by Mrs. Mabel S. C. Smith, who put a large amount of the Chautauqua spirit and enthusiasm into her description, more especially of the Class of 1914 of which she is president. Some wandering Chautauquans who have come to the city for the winter also lent their presence to the Rally.

The fact was noted that Dr. Samuel C. Schmucker of the Westchester, Pennsylvania, State Normal School was lecturing on "Race Improvement" at the Museum of Natural History on Saturday nights; his concluding lecture of the series was given November 8. In view of Dr. Schmucker's entertaining volume in the C. L. S. C. Course this year on "The Meaning of Evolution" the opportunity to hear him has been especially appreciated.

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Illustration from "A Woman Rice Planter"

TALK ABOUT BOOKS

A WOMAN RICE PLANTER. By Patience Pennington. Introduction by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00 net.

In this delightful book the author gives, in the form of a diary, the story of her daily life on her rice plantation in South Carolina. She tells all about the picturesque planting and working and harvesting of the rice, and in the innumerable details of plantation life she gives an interesting picture of the negro with his loveliness and his failings. Here and there we catch glimpses of shady avenues of live-oaks, broad savannahs and winding rivers. Trials and troubles are unconsciously revealed and the appalling dangers which the solitary white woman in this remote spot constantly faces are as amazing as the courage and perseverance with which she meets them. "Struggle is too pale a word for the decades of efforts and obstacles that these courageous Southerners have known, particularly since rice has come to be grown so successfully elsewhere; and when the devoted planter happens to be a woman, the measure of daily indomitableness is full and runs over," says Owen Wister in his introduction; and again "as the narrative proceeds, the reader gradually perceives that he has met with a Southern picture unsurpassed," and that one has come across a writer "with a natural gift of style so complete that it flows from the pen as song from a wild-bird."

The illustrations, by Alice R. Huger Smith, call for attention. The soft, yet strong, pencil sketches scattered through the text, as well as the many full page illustrations are all instinct with the spirit of the country. The fascinating

little darky babies twine themselves about your heart. The strong and supple darky women, the wind catching their skirts, walk through the rice fields with a natural grace unknown to cities. The old negro men, the live-oaks, the lovely little country churches, the water scenes, the old country residences, are most attractive and harmonize with and illuminate the text. We read the book with absorbing interest and pleasure and lay it down with regret not unmixed with thoughtfulness.

POPULAR BOTANY. By A. E. Knight and Edward Step. New York: Holt and Company. \$5 net.

Every chapter of this work of reference (in two large volumes) may be guaranteed to send the reader out of doors to study Nature, and to lure him back again to the books for further interpretations. They are far too heavy to be hand-books; they are desk books, adorned with seven hundred twenty-one handsome illustrations in addition to eighteen colored plates, all bearing illuminating captions which supplement the lucid text that accompanies them. These illustrations picture plants of all the plant groups, from those of the microscopic world to the giant forms of the forest. The illustrations are almost unique in the international character of the plants figured, rendering the book interesting and useful the world around, some members of every continent's flora being represented. The text is written in a non-technical style, the authors' consciousness of the beginner's point of view being everywhere manifested. Both volumes are filled with the modern knowledge of scientific botany that is so clearly presented that

the layman will not find its message beyond his depths. The subject matter is scientifically accurate and is handled with a generous sprinkling of quotations from the literature of nature. All phases of modern botany are treated except that of systematic classification which is touched upon only incidentally. The reader will build up a natural grouping of his own from a thoughtful study of the plants discussed. The chapter subjects will indicate the scope of the text:—the protoplast; the protoplast as house-builder and house furnisher; cell communities, a chapter on tissues; the ascending sap; the descending sap; seed and root; nature's woodcraft, a chapter on stems; leaf beginnings and leaf forms; the leaf in relation to its environment; floral forms and their relations to insects; the welcome of the flowers; some plant marriages and the guests that assist at the function; the promise of the plant that is to be; hidden marriages. The second volume contains a glossary of botanical terms and an index. The book as a whole will place before readers an elementary knowledge of "what the living plant is, what it does for us, and how it accomplishes its good work."

Ruby G. Smith.

MEDITATIONS: A YEAR BOOK. By James Allen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.00 net.

Habit is formed by constant repetition. If the reading of this book is persisted in daily for a year the habit of serious thinking, of just self-analysis and of meditation will be formed. Mr. Allen's philosophy is balanced, sane and intelligent. This is an excellent volume to keep at the head of the bed.

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The Chautauquan

THE GOLDEN WINDOW OF THE EAST. By Milton Reed. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.20 net.

A long cherished dream to visit India was being realized when Milton Reed produced the pen pictures which shaped themselves into "The Golden Window of the East." While the local color was most vivid, the author wrote his chapters on the spot, following his own observations and impressions about places and people, and drawing contrasts in the social life of the East and the West. The human element makes the strongest appeal to the writer. On the way to India stops are made at Honolulu, Japan, the Philippines, China, Java and the Malayan Peninsula. Mr. Reed is a traveler of experience and he gives many interesting and up-to-date facts, and a wealth of description. The diction is good, but often too flowery or too stilted. Of humor there is none. The binding is gaudy, like the East.

IN SUNNY SPAIN. By Katherine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00 net.

The Little Schoolmaster Series is being written to tell children in story form what child life is like in other countries. Katherine Lee Bates, well known to Chautauquans who enjoyed her "Reading Journey in English Counties" in the Home Reading Course, has written the initial volume of the series. Readers of Miss Bates's "Spanish Highways and Byways" will vouch that she knows Spain well, and her storytelling gift is always a thing of grace and joy. It is a tale of the days of the Spanish-American war, and the little brother and sister go from Andalusia to Galicia while the father and the big brother go to the war. There are good things to eat and merry games and wilful animals and thievish gypsies, and the last chapter promises book-hungry little Pilarica that she shall go to the Gulick school for girls "and learn."

OVERTONES. By Jessie Wiseman Gibbs. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. \$1.00.

Religious meditations in mediocre verse are here presented. The Scripture paraphrases included in the collection are not improvements upon the King James Version.

Highways Club

The suggestions of the following program are based on the current events discussed in the Highways and Byways of this number.

1. *Roll Call.* Lessons from the November Elections.
2. *Report.* The Latest News from Mexico.
3. *Question and Answers.* "What are the needs of our nearest prison and how can we help to improve it?"
4. *Discussion.* "How can we apply to our own community the civic work and play plans?" See also Bouck White's "The Mixing."

Personalia

Prof. Camden M. Coburn of Allegheny College has a most interesting article on "The Latest Excavations in Egypt" in the November Homiletic Review. Prof. Coburn gave a series of lectures at the Chautauqua (New York) Assembly during the season of 1908.

At the first meeting of the Thimble Club of Waynesburg (Pennsylvania) recital of summer experiences made the program of the afternoon. Two members spoke of their trips to Chautauqua (New York). The lecture on the most worth while recent books, given by Mr. C. W. Gill, head of the Chautauqua Book Store, was mentioned by one of the speakers, who was glad to have such authoritative approval of the fiction in the Thimble Club library.

Associate Professor J. Paul Goode of the Department of Geography in the University of Chicago, is delivering a series of illustrated lectures at Scoville Institute, the Oak Park center of the University Lecture Association, on the general subject of "People and Problems of other Lands." Prof. Goode was heard at Chautauqua, New York, during the season of 1909.

Hawley B. Rogers, manager of the Chautauqua County Farm Bureau with headquarters at Chautauqua, New York, has issued a statement concerning the use of lime on the farm. It is being published in full by the county papers.

A recent editorial in the New York Evening Post gave a summary of the article, "University Extension Drama," which Mr. George E. Vincent, President of Chautauqua Institution, recently contributed to The Chautauquan.

The Youth's Companion announces for 1914 a series of articles by "the leaders of education in America." One of the articles, entitled "Taking Knowledge to the People" and dealing with the modern adaptation of university extension, particularly in the state universities, is by George E. Vincent, President of Chautauqua Institution and President of the University of Minnesota. The other articles are by President Lowell of Harvard, President Hibben of Princeton, President Butler of Columbia, Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard, and President John G. Bowman of the University of Iowa.

NEW BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

THIS WONDER-WORLD

By Agnes Giberne

Cloth, 15 illustrations, 212 pages. 12mo. Price, net \$1.00. By mail, \$1.09.

Miss Giberne, who has a most fascinating way of telling boys and girls about the natural wonders of the universe, in this her latest book, has taken up some of the substances found on our globe—wood, coal, iron and water—and also the laws which govern them such as attraction, cohesion, etc., and has treated them in a manner, calculated, as she herself says, "to awaken a curiosity which in after years may lead to a deeper knowledge of this wonderful world in which we live." The book is intended both for home use and as a supplementary reader in the class-room.

THEKLA: A Story of the Name

By Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D.

A dainty Christmas offering in two colors with page border. Rich onyx malachite cover and lining pages, with jacket of the same. 43 pages. Net, 25 cents. By mail, 30 cents.

Herein is an attractive setting of an historical story of the Apostolic age. Thekla, a beautiful maiden, heard the message of the Gospel from the lips of the Apostle Paul. She became a Christian and was cast out of her luxurious pagan home. The narrative of what followed, showing how Thekla stepped to the very brink of martyrdom, is told in Dr. Work's poetic style.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

By William Hanna, D.D., LL.D.

This is a new and enlarged edition, especially arranged for Bible Students in Twenty-five Outline Studies and Reading Courses, by Charles H. Morgan, Ph.D. Cloth, 16 illustrations and 2 maps. 862 pages. Price, net, \$1.00. By mail, \$1.13.

Dr. Hanna's "Life of Christ" is a strong yet simple recital of the main facts in the life of Jesus with a careful analysis of His teachings. Dr. Morgan's introductory comments and clear synopsis of the matter to be studied in each section bring the book into most excellent shape for class-room work. *Printed on India Paper.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By George U. Wenner

New edition, revised and enlarged. Cloth, 191 pages, 12mo. Price, net, 50 cents. By mail, 56 cents.

In this volume Dr. Wenner presents the solution of the problem that confronts the American people in the matter of the proper relation between religious education and the public school. It is a timely and valuable treatment of a subject of the most vital importance to the welfare of the nation. The volume should be in the hands of every parent and teacher.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION

By Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

Cloth, 12mo., 349 pages. Price, net, \$1.00. By mail, \$1.10.

"Dr. Burrell tells in the plainest terms just what is meant by the Old-Time Religion, and shows how strong and solid and satisfactory are the foundations of our faith. The book is a delight. Its chapters are short. Its sentences are terse and vigorous. There is not a dull page, a vague expression or an unsound thought in the book. Young and old may read it with profit. It will confirm believers, and if respectfully heeded will lead any one to a faith in the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

THE AWAKENING OF THE HARTWELLS

By Mrs. E. S. Allen

Bound in cloth with gold side stamp. 12mo. Size, 5 1-2 x 7 inches. Price, \$1.00 net, postage 10c.

The Hartwells, wealthy and absorbed in pleasure, were awakened at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, which swept away all they possessed. How they began their life anew, and learned by a wholesome experience the value of an earnest and concentrated purpose in behalf of others is graphically told in this story. It is charmingly written.

THE PERSON OF CHRIST

By Philip Schaff, D.D., with foreword

by Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D.

Revised edition from new plates. Cloth, 148 pages, 12mo. Price, net, 75 cents. By mail, 81 cents.

This is a new edition of Dr. Philip Schaff's strong, scholarly analysis of the life and character of Jesus, showing His divine influence upon human history and refuting the baseless attacks of infidels.

HORACIO: A TALE OF BRAZIL

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